Oth. But this deuoted a fore-gone conclusion,
Iag. Tis a shrewd doubt, tho it be but a dreame,
And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That doe demonstrate thinly.
Oth. I'le teare her all to peeces.
Iag. Nay, but be wise, yet we see nothing done,
She may be honest yet, tell me but this,
Haue you not sometimes seene a handkercher,
Spotted with strawberries in your wiues hand.
Oth. I gaue her such a one, twas my first gift.
Iag. I know not that, but such a handkercher,
I am sure it was your wiues, did I to day
See *Cassio* wipe his beard with.
Oth. If't be that.
Iag. If it be that, or any, it was hers,
It speakes against her, with the other proofes.
Oth. O that the slaue had forty thousand liues,
One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge:
Now doe I see tis time, looke here *Iago*,
All my fond loue, thus doe I blow to heauen,--tis gone.
Arise blacke vengeance, from thy hollow Cell,
Yeeld vp O loue thy crowne, and harted Throne,
To tirranous hate, swell bosome with thy fraught,
For tis of Aspecks tongues.
Iag. Pray be content. *he kneeles.*
Oth. O blood, *Iago*, blood.
Iag. Patience I say, your mind perhaps may change.
Oth. Neuer:
In the due reuerence of a sacred vow,
I here ingage my words.
Iag. Doe not rise yet:
Witnesse you euer-burning lights aboue,
You Elements that clip vs round about, Iago *kneeles.*
Witnesse that here, *Iago* doth giue vp
The excellency of his wit, hand, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* seruice: let him command,
And to obey, shall be remorce,

What

VVhat bloody worke so euer.
Oth. I greete thy loue:
Not with vaine thankes, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will vpon the instant put thee to't,
VVithin these three dayes, let me heare thee say,
That *Cassio's* not aliue,
Iag. My friend is dead:
Tis done as you request, but let her liue.
Oth. Dam her lewd minks: O dam her,
Come, goe with me apart, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift meanes of death,
For the faire diuell: now art thou my Leiutenant.
Iag. I am your owne for euer. *Exeunt.*

Enter Desdemonia Emilia *and the Clowne.*
Des. Do you know sirra, where the Leiutenant *Cassio* lies?
Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.
Des. VVhy man?
He is a Souldier, and for one to say a Souldier lies, is stabbing.
Des. Go to, where lodges he?
Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for me to deuise a lodging, and say he lies there, were to lie in my throate.
Desd. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?
Clo. I will cathechize the world for him, that is, make questions And by them answer.
Desd. Seeke him, bid him come hither, tell him I haue moued my Lord in his behalfe, and hope all will be well.
Clo. To doe this is within the compasse of a man, and therefore I'le attempt the doing of it. *Exit.*
Desd. VVhere should I loose that handkercher *Emilia*?
Em. I know not Madam.
Des. Beleeue me, I had rather loose my purse
Full of Crusadoes: and but my noble Moore
Is true of minde, and made of no such baseness,
As iealous creatures are, it were enough,
To put him to ill thinking.
Em. Is he not iealous?